

MEASURE



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Volume IV

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Kentucky Colonel

G. R. SCHREIBER

Mr. Schreiber, a Freshman, reaches out deftly and lovingly across the banks of the Ohio to his neighboring state and finds for us a character. This figure of his creative imagination is not of the usual publicized brand. If you are from the South, you will recognize him; if you are from the North, you will be eager to make his acquaintance. Unavoidably, you must love him.

The morning was clear and fresh and deliciously inviting as Kentucky mornings always are. Fog hung lazily down the valley and there was a snap in the late summer air that bore a faint suggestion of Autumn. A great green carpet of dew-wet bluegrass stretched out from the Court House that looked to Grayson's Main Street. Shopkeepers were hoisting orange and white awnings and calling to each other back and forth across the broad, sun-lighted street. Along the road that led to town from the hills rode a gaunt, bearded man on a horse. And on the sidewalks were a few early pedestrians.

Old man Parker, fierce white mustaches twitching, came down toward the Court House wall, his elaborately carved cane keeping rhythmic time to his step that was still spry despite the weight of three score years and ten.

"Morning to you, Colonel," Henry Williamson called from the front door of his meat market.

"Good morning to you, sir," Colonel Parker answered. "It's a fine morning, too, isn't it, Henry?"

"Surely is, Colonel," called the butcher as he watched the old man tap down the street and take his seat on the Court House wall.

Just why people called old man Parker "Colonel" could never be adequately explained. But somehow, in Kentucky, you invariably call an old man "Colonel" who has white mustaches and a military bearing. The word carries a certain dignity. And Colonel Parker, like all the other Colonels of his kind, was proud of the title.

Every morning, at precisely the same time, he would come tap, tap, tapping along Main Street to the Court House wall. Here he would take up his vigil where it had left off the day before. Sitting on the wall, it seemed, gave the old Colonel some unexplainable happiness. Perhaps it was because all the people who went by nodded politely in his direction and spoke to him. Or perhaps it was because of the occasional tourist

who stopped near the curb and called out to the old man, asking directions to the Caves, Bardstown's old Cathedral, or Stephen Foster's "Old Kentucky Home." These people were as so many subjects paying tribute to a king, and the Colonel enjoyed the way they paused to chat awhile. Sometimes he would tell them about the time he slipped in the Caves, or about the story he had heard from the aged custodian of the Cathedral. And sometimes, too, he would tell them stories about the horse he once owned. Prince, he called the horse in those never-ending flow of memories.

The Colonel adjusted himself to the cool hardness of the wall, shifting his cane from one hand to the other in an effort to find the most comfortable position (as if he hadn't already decided in the many mornings gone before.) Merchants passed, and early risers, each speaking to the Colonel whose kind clear eyes took them all in and appraised them for their energy and vivacity.

Sometimes the old Colonel would doze awhile in early morning, rocking back and forth ever so slowly on his cane. His eyes would be closed to the passing world and he would be, for a time at least, lifted from his every day routine. Even when the Colonel dozed, people who knew him—and many who did not—would smile in his direction.

This morning, though, Colonel Parker didn't have time to nod. For a lad of near ten, with a keen, interested face, came along and took a seat beside him. The Colonel turned to study the new arrival, to smile at the brightness of his eyes, and to wonder at the roughness of his young hands.

"Good morning, son," he said.

"Good morning, sir," the boy responded. "Say," he added, "you're the Colonel, aren't you?"

"I am Colonel Parker, my boy, if that's what you mean. Why are you so interested?"

"Oh, I don't know, Colonel. I guess maybe it's just because I've heard so much about you . . . about your horse, Prince."

"Is that so, now? Well, my boy, are you a fancier of horses?"

"I like horses, Colonel," the boy replied. "But I ain't never had one of my own. I rode one, though, once down on my uncle's farm near Lexington."

Colonel Parker smiled as he listened to the earnest words of the youth. He knew that here was a lad after his own heart. He was sure that here was a future Colonel. For the lad loved horses; therefore, he was a gentlemen. There was a strange sparkle in the Colonel's eye, for among the hosts of passersby, who may have chatted with him, and in the multitudes of merchant friends and shopping wives, few would now listen to the story of his one great horse. He decided to tell the boy all about it. He was going to tell him why men come to love a horse so; why they will go without food in the winter months to be sure their

horse is fed. The story he was about to tell was simple; but the lad would never forget.

"You know, boy," the Colonel began, "horses have a way of getting into a man's blood. You nurse a colt along from the minute it first stands on spindly legs, feed it along and watch it make the first awkward run. You curry its coat 'til it shines like a nigger's heel. And then one day, after months of training, you take your horse down to the track. There he is, son! Wearing your colors, bearing your name, and running his heart out for you.

"Prince, that was my horse, he was like that, boy. Prince was a great bay, and his stride had all the spirit of a Derby Day. I raised him from a colt, taught him how to run, and entered him in the county fair races. Prince took the fair without even trying. He finished six laps ahead of the horse in second place. That was Colonel Parker's horse, lad. That was my horse.

"I took him down to one track after another, and he ran away with every race . . ."

How many times before had the story been told! The old Colonel had recounted it to almost every citizen in Grayson. He took a deep pride in recalling the victories that Prince had won under the banner of Colonel Parker. He told the boy, as he had told the others, that there was never another horse like Prince.

"Then the big race came, son. Derby Day at Churchill Downs, and the chance of a lifetime for Prince. I was sure he could do it, lad . . . as sure as my name is Colonel Parker. He just must win this race, I told myself. We worked for weeks for that day, Prince and I. I taught him how to check speed, how to work his way toward the rail, how to break out from it when the time came, and how to spurt with all that final drive to carry him over the finish line. In the early morning, when the dew lay thick on the track, we practiced and practiced.

"He was good enough for any Derby, lad. But Lady Luck wasn't with us that day. I remember like it was yesterday how I brought him from the paddock, all reared back and prancing to the music of those hundred thousand people.

"The handlers led him down the runway before the reviewing stands and I could hear the people saying, 'There's Colonel Parker's horse; that's a real horse.' As we were leading him up the ways to the starting line something came over Prince. Nobody was ever quite sure what happened. He bolted and made like a streak of lightning for the fence rail, went right on through it and came limping across the green.

"It wasn't so hard to take the fact that Prince couldn't run in the Derby—I was sure he would have won it but from that afternoon on, Prince was lame. I took him home with me, lad, and put him in the meadow. And sometimes I would try to run him. But the effort was

pitiful. So after while I just left him to graze there, and spent my time currying that beautiful coat of his. I always knew he would have been a winner.

"When I went out to lead him in at night, he would come limping up to the gate, and there was a look in his soft eyes that said he was sorry. Most people just think a man's feelings can be hurt and that a horse goes right on. But Prince must have felt the accident, and known what it meant. His eyes told you so, even though he couldn't speak."

Old man Parker's eyes were moist and he tapped his cane concernedly on the walk. The lad was still lost in the story of Prince and he, too, sat there for a moment without speaking.

"What finally happened to Prince, Colonel?"

"He died, lad, like all other horses must some time . . . and like the rest of us, for that matter. I buried him out on the farm and put a stone there to mark his grave."

As an afterthought, the Colonel said, "You *do* like horses, don't you, sonny?"

"I sure do, sir. And some day when I get older I want to own a horse like Prince and run him in the fair races, and maybe some day in the Derby. I'd like to own a horse, sir, and I want to be a Colonel someday, sir. Just like yourself."

Some of the clearness crept back to the Colonel's eyes when he heard these words. His shoulders squared and his jaw tightened almost imperceptibly. He was once more Colonel Parker, talking to a subject. But this subject, this boy, he liked. Somehow the lad reminded him of himself. He knew that here was a future Colonel and certainly a friend.

"You work hard, lad," he said, "and someday you'll own your own horse. Maybe he'll be like Prince was, and maybe you'll get the chance with your horse I never had. Keep on loving horses, boy; keep on loving them and live like a man, and someday you'll be a Colonel, too. I'm sure of it."

"Thank you, Colonel," the youth said. "I had better be getting on, though, because I promised my friends I would meet them down by Tygart River. We are going to . . . why, here comes one of them now, Colonel. He must be tired of waiting for me. I'll just run down the street and meet him."

Colonel Parker's eyes danced as he watched the young lad walk briskly toward his chum who had approached within a short distance of the wall. He listened as the two met.

"Hello, Tim," the lad called out.

"Hello, yourself," Tim answered. "Where have you been all morning? Bill went on home and I got tired sitting around Tygart and came on back up town. What have you been doing all morning?"

"I've been talking to Colonel Parker, Tim," the old man could hear his new friend saying.

"To Colonel Parker?"

"Yes, Tim, and he's been telling me about his horse, Prince. He almost won the Derby one year, Tim. Honest, that's what the Colonel told me. But he sprained his leg a few minutes before the starting gun and he never run after that . . ."

"Aw, you don't believe all that stuff, do you? My old man says that the Colonel is a little off. He says that the old boy never even had a horse like he talks about. It was probably some old nag that couldn't even break into a gallop. C'mon, let's get going."

The Colonel could hear every word, for the two boys were standing just down the wall from him, quite forgetful for the moment of the fact that he was even there.

"But, Tim," the youth was protesting, "the Colonel says . . ."

"Cut that stuff, fellow. Why that old man probably ain't even a Colonel. What war was he ever in, that's what I'd like to know? He ain't no Colonel at all."

Colonel Parker watched his new friend's face. He saw protest there. He saw doubt. And he watched when the lad turned to look at him. The Colonel smiled faintly. The lad loved horses, didn't he? And wouldn't he be a Colonel someday, too? But there was no answer in the lad's eyes and as the two turned away the Colonel took his cane in hand and started up the street.

As he passed the butcher's shop, Henry Williamson called out the door.

"Going home already, Colonel?"

The word bit deep, and hurt. And the old man could not answer. He could only tap, tap, along toward home . . . toward home and a little mound with a stone at its head where a horse lay. He and Prince would have one more thing in common. The words rang in his ears: He ain't even a Colonel. And he could see the lad's eyes, full of doubt.

Demise Of The Rule Of Thumb

RICHARD SCHEIBER

If you are narrow-minded, do not read this. If you are a parochial, avoid it carefully. If you are self-satisfied, localized in space, time, and spirit, you are only so much stony ground. Imperviousness is ample guarantee to dullness here. Life, on the other hand, and a sense of cooperation, and a longing for unity will get you far.

Now and then a new plan flashes across the path of the average Catholic college to set higher education athinking. Not only the trainers of tomorrow's Catholic leaders but a great number of students as well are beginning to perceive the wondrous national disunity in today's college life. If this theme of Catholic Action is to make any attempt to hold its own during the next generation, then let it look to the college campuses across the country for its new urge. Let it realize the need for the first national federation of Catholic college students. Let it watch carefully the development of this latest attempt at unity.

To date no nation-wide endeavor to bind Catholic university and college students together has ever survived beyond the spoon-feeding stage. If the present status of affairs ever called for an organizing element, then it is most assuredly now. The stage is set for the grand entrance of the fresh, conquering warrior.

Be figurative when you muse about this scholastic quasi-chaos and you will grant that weeds run rampant between the garden walls. Proceed to the allegory, however, in the light of recent advances in the field of Catholic unity, and you will perceive that the fresh, conquering warrior has made his entrance. Bronzed and young, the new crusader is going to work. Although it is early in the day, his mode of attack is so methodic and coolly calculated that he will undoubtedly finish the task he has begun. By strange strokes of magic he is beginning to cause the thistles to eventually wither and perish. Across his chest the initials "N.F.C.C.S." are emblazoned. His only weapon against the scourge of disunities is the scroll he carries in his hand. Unfurled, the scroll is the constitution of the newly-devised National Federation of Catholic College Students. This is the new plan that has crossed the paths of American Catholic Colleges.

N.F.C.C.S. represents the rather convincing proposition for coordination and oneness of purpose now looming over the Catholic collegiate horizon. Proud are its possibilities. For the first time there would be a

crown over all the action in higher education. Progress in one or the other institutions would not be harassed by such a federation, but would be still more accentuated by the knowledge that achievement and successful methods would not live and die on one campus, but would be passed on for public benefit. On the wings of such a project, Catholic students could rightfully assume their place on the national level with the American Youth Congress or the Christian Student Movement, which is the new Protestant effort. For no son of royalty were the potentialities more impressing. Perusing the following parts of the constitution will reveal a few of the more salient points of interest.

"The nature of this organization," reads the constitution, "is that of a federation serving to unite the student bodies of institutions of higher learning in the United States. Its purpose is to assist both colleges and the various student groups to give energetic and practical application to the teaching of the Holy Father and the Church's leaders regarding the formation of a Christian-minded laity; to contribute to the spreading and deepening of a highly-trained Catholic opinion by:

"(1) Assisting in the development of student councils or their equivalent in Catholic institutions of higher learning;

"(2) Acting as a medium for the exchange of ideas and experiences on the part of affiliated units;

"(3) Providing the membership with suggestions and practical material in the field of authentic Catholic Action;

"(4) Representing the Catholic student body in national and international life."

In view of the modern condition, these statements of purpose purport an ample job. No less cognizant of this fact, however, is the federation itself, which already seems quite fully equipped to launch its program on a nation-wide basis.

N.F.C.C.S. has set up a central office in the nation's capital. Permanent in nature, this bureau will be maintained by dues from the individual organs all over the country. Here lies the spearhead of the new venture. Here the competent executive secretary will assist the constituent members throughout the hinterlands. This central fountainhead will draw upon the best efforts of individual student groups all over the country. In turn it will mete out information and suggestions to all the applying members. At the disposal of this main bureau, also, will be the seasoned advice from a National Advisory Board. In this manner the federation will be assured competent and expert counsel of leaders in the field of Catholic higher education.

The new plan is hardly an isolated or rebellious off-shoot. The federation operates under the benign smile of the Hierarchy. The spiritual adviser is the representative of all ecclesiastic officers in matters concerning N.F.C.C.S. The Hierarchy not only favors activity and or-

ganization on a local and diocesan basis, but also approves national cooperation in the interest of this local work. There is another link. It is understood that the federation would function as a constituent unit of the College and University section of the National Catholic Youth Council. Bishop John A. Duffy, of Buffalo, and Bishop Emmet M. Walsh, of Charleston, are Episcopal Moderators of the new federation. They were appointed by the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Council. Hence there is certainly no discord between the Hierarchy and the federation.

According to section five, which deals with meetings, a national congress will occur once every two years. The national council is intended to convene once a year during the Easter Holidays, while regional councils will assemble twice a year.

Membership applications must be properly qualified. There must not only be a letter of approbation from the head of the institution, but also a missive from the student council president guaranteeing cooperation and goodwill to the federation. Dues amount in the local case to no more than five dollars per year.

Each affiliated unit has two votes in all matters calling for opinions from the individual groups throughout the country. These units can benefit immeasurably from the workings of the central office, where the executive secretary is situated. Under his supervision special commissions are at work along the lines of Catholic Action Study, Industrial Problems, Legislation, International Relations, Rural Life, Social Service, Youth Movements, Confraternity on Christian Doctrine, Civic Education, Radio, Catholic Theatre Movement, the Press, Clean Literature, Student Councils, Mission Study, the Liturgical Movement, Recreation, Inter-racial Problems, Family Life, Student Forums, and so on. Wherever N.F.C.C.S. needs outside assistance on the above projects, she is accustomed to utilize and solicit the guidance of various departments of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and from any other agencies or individuals equipped to render such service.

There you have a skeleton of the National Federation for Catholic College Students. Whether or not the plan will go forward and produce depends very strongly on the willingness of the individual student councils to recognize the merits of a novel and highly needed innovation. Only the student council can diffuse the benefits to all the clubs and classes on the campus. For this is perhaps its first reason for existence.

Thus far in this paper we have referred to the new Federation as being only immediately started. This is true in a sense. Only recently has the new proposal stated its preparedness to engage in activity on a nation-wide scale. For the past three years its progress has purposely been held to Catholic colleges on the eastern seaboard. Here are a few points of historical interest.

The whole vision of N.F.C.C.S. came a step nearer reality in 1937 at the scene of an organization meeting at Manhattanville College, New York City. A group of students representing Catholic colleges and universities in the Gotham area agreed upon the necessity of such an organizing force among Catholic youth. The delegates of St. Peter's College submitted a declaration together with a tentative constitution and bylaws. More schools of the New York area flocked to the fold. Patrick Cardinal Hayes, the New York Archbishop, sanctioned these preliminary developments. He appointed Father McSorley, C.S.P., as the first chaplain.

The Federation spread soon after to Philadelphia and Washington. A national congress at Manhattanville College in September, 1939, was followed by a national council at Villanova College, Philadelphia, last April. Officers at that time wisely deemed it best not to make a concerted effort toward obtaining nationwide membership until sound organization could be effected in the smaller, eastern regions. Another national council was held last Easter at Dunbarton College, Washington, D. C., during which final form was given the revised constitution and bylaws. With that step the Federation arose to maturity. Now N.F.C.C.S. is prepared to welcome every Catholic college and university in the United States to rally 'round.

Here is the most crying need for an organization such as the Federation proposes to govern. A passing glance at the present national student level will reveal that the Catholic element is conspicuously absent. All that is visible is the earlier-mentioned American Youth Congress and the Christian Student Movement. Neither of these two is so commanding that there is not room left in the field for another. At present, the Catholic student simply does not figure on the national strata. Catholic Action on a nation-wide plane needs a solid and unifying force. With such a bulwark as the One Church to build on, should it be just so difficult to develop and maintain a league of which every Catholic university and college in the country is a member? If joining the Federation brings the investing institution not one benefit other than being identified with a homogeneous Catholic college movement, then the venture would still be gilt-edged. Today Catholic student unity is vital.

So far we have urged interest in favor of N.F.C.C.S. Let us halt for a moment in our rush to see such an innovation advancing westward across the land, and pose a few questions to the Federation itself. We should like a more definite guarantee of Catholic unity. After we have joined, wherein lies our first step? What can we all accomplish together? Can we be sure to infuse that infectious spirit, such as has been generated at the National Catholic Press Conventions in Milwaukee, for an example? Just where or how will the work of the Federation tie in with projects already afloat, having been launched by, say, the

Catholic Theatre Movement? How will N.F.C.C.S. become compatible and unfringing with the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade? Where will lie the effect on the Catholic School Press Association or the Catholic Poetry Society? Precisely how can a lethargic student council more concerned with a lack of salt shakers ever be reconciled with problems of more importance?

Do not consider us too harsh with the above investigation. Our desire to see Catholic Action on a united and collegiate front far exceeds any curiosity such as mentioned just above. We do believe, however, that some of the above problems will be the first the Federation will reckon with.

When the new plan starts functioning through these mid-western states, there will undoubtedly be plenty of food for its academic consumption. Inasmuch as the student councils—according to innumerable and perennial editorials in college newspapers—are in a rather deplorable state, and since this is the avenue through which the benefits of N.F.C.C.S. are spread over the campus, here as well as not is the place to begin the renovation.

College dramatic groups offer another province for the infusion of ideas from other colleges. If experience can not be gathered by travel from college to college from Maine to California, then bringing the fruits of these schools to the would-be traveler is the next best substitute.

Then you have the weekly suitcase brigade, who, according to the bewailing of campus newspapers, live only for the weekend when they might hie themselves home or elsewhere. Or perhaps an ambitious freshman class is making ready for a year of concerted activity, and is curious how to proceed on ideas it has already developed. Some one else is interested in establishing additional traditions and would be interested in criticism from the central office as to the merit of its plans thus far. Here again the executive secretary goes to work in the interests of the appealing member.

Points for discussion are innumerable. For years in the minds of students has been a desire to do something for the annual parade of seniors to job application offices. Could not an idea be born which would aid college grads-to-be to sell their wares before the eleventh hour of graduation? Such a point, to our way of thinking, is made to order for the Federation.

Or, consider the case of a man's college fortunately situated rather near a Catholic girls' institution. Would it be so out of the question to establish social connections. Would a date bureau, plays, or mixed glee club concerts appear so outlandish?

Also highly important, this new organization becomes a last resort where individual student councils need outside advice. Previously, this has caused the death of many a worthy project. An even more thoroughly

acquainted mind could readily cultivate a hundred more instances waiting for the arrival of N.F.C.C.S.

Therein lies our thesis. Is it not high time to take the sporadic, hit-and-miss, or rule-of-thumb element out of our national Catholic collegiate existence? Does not the National Federation of Catholic College Students deserve investigation?

REVERIE

There's a sunset here of life-blood hue
And a sky full-turned to sea-heart blue,
While soft upon the shadow's gray
The moon falls, plucked from the tree of day.

G. R. SCHREIBER

Sport Sketches

Drawn by CHARLES J. PEITZ, JR.

The thrill of sports cries out to youth and youth answers with a fullness known only to the young in heart. That the zest of living, the rush and impact of competition should sometimes lead to a wrong sense of values is here beside the point. The emphasis in these sketches stresses the goodness of the human body and its rightful exercise—a fact sometimes overlooked in more spiritual reckoning.

Here in a few well-conserved strokes is captured all the goodness of human strength, the throb of bodies in motion, the cleverness of man pitted against man, and the satisfaction of well-controlled muscles. The body is not alone, it needs the direction of the mind; the will is not sufficient, muscles must respond; a goal is not enough, there must be sharpness of eye and coolness of nerve. Such is the goodness sport. So great is the blessing of a good body.

Some of this is evident in the fisherman's task. At the end of his line is not a dead weight, cumbrous and immovable, but something furious, straining, and powerful. His muscles must flow as smoothly as the waters at his feet; his timing must play a catch from the end of a thin, thin line. At one end, instinct and rage; at the other, the cleverness of a man set against nature.

For the polo-players the task is no less realistic, although somewhat more complex. Man against man on the backs of horses, man against man with a stick and a ball. The pounding ride across the turf, the swish through the air, the swift stop and about-face—and the game is done.

And the fencers must be even faster. A solid stance comes before a lunge, now a parry, now a thrust, the whistle of a foil and then: touche. The arena is more compact, and the opponent is supremely clever, but the goodness of the body in action is not diminished.

Meanwhile, the same goodness hides in the body of the pitcher. The rippling muscles of his back work with the power of his arms. His attention is upon the plate and toward this point his eyes, his hands, his muscles coordinate. Once again man sets himself to a task and the work is good.

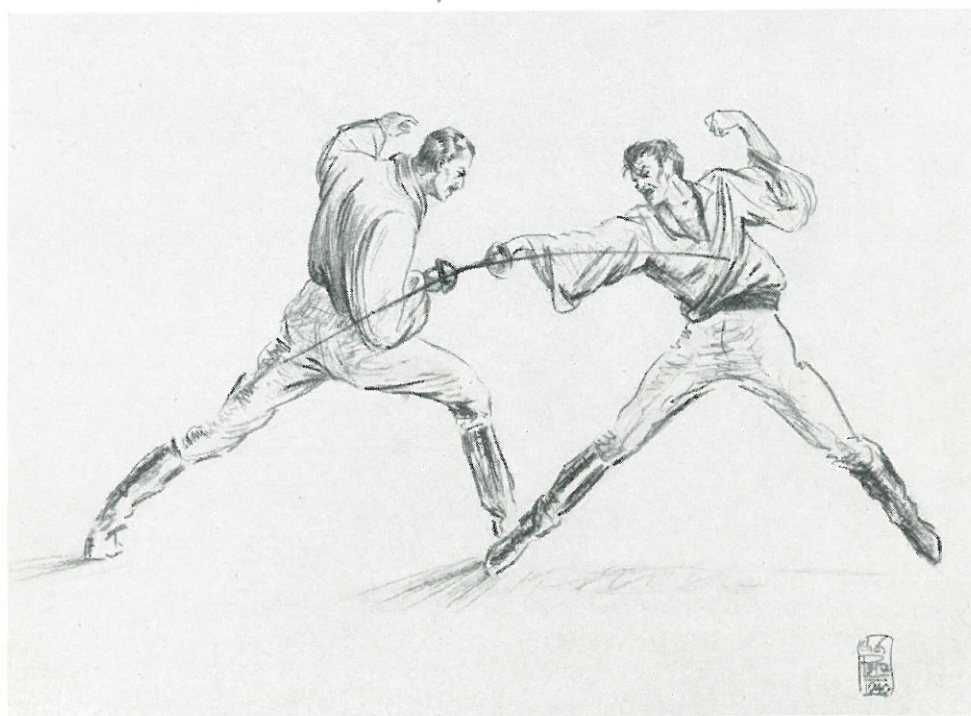
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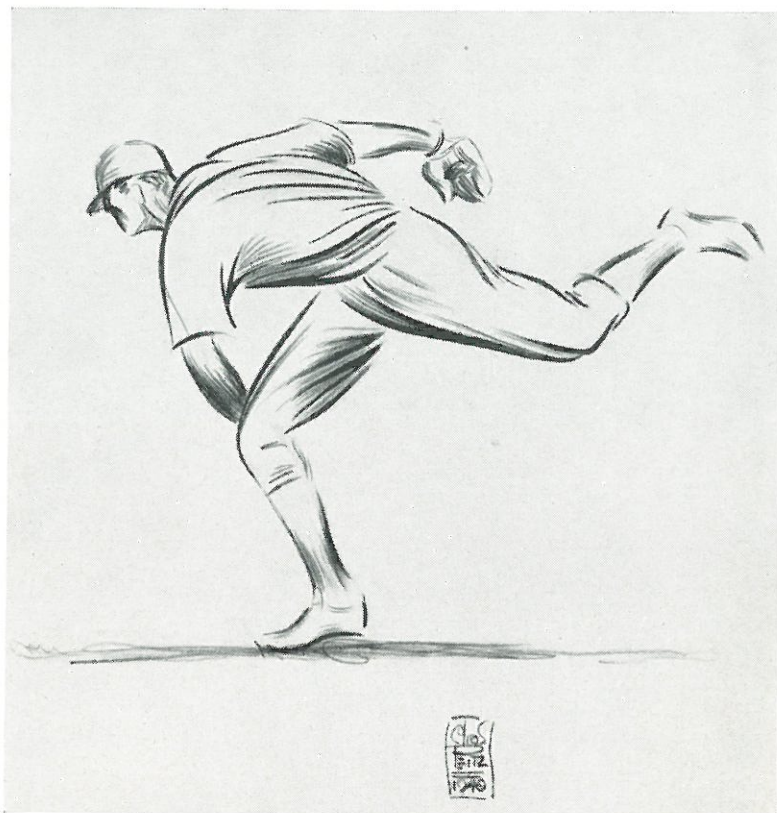
ROD AND LINE



STICK AND BALL



TOUCHE



SOUTHPAW

Borrowed Threads

From off the very loom of Shakespeare, these ingenious young men have stolen threads that have started them on a weaving of their own. Common phrases all too often pass over our lips as epithets, as after-thoughts, as labels. These writers have taken some of them to fashion thoughts that are at once plain and too seldom followed. Given the thread, the fabric is yours to finish.

ARTHUR LOEW

"Misery Acquaints a Man With Strange Bedfellows."

(*Tempest*, Act 2, sc. ii.)

All I know about it is that it is misery. I hardly know which type of misery I am alluding too. It is plain heartache and pain. Children have it, the southern Negro has it, but it does not quite carry what I wish to say. Parents have miseries but they're too specialized. Even the school boy and girl sitting opposite each other have miseries, but their miseries are—maybe, who knows!

I wonder just how often many of us have stopped, and reflected "that child's in misery," when we saw him walking along a street or sitting on a curb crying. Surely, something has gone wrong. Maybe he lost a prized penny, the only one he had and must now do without his cherished candy stick, or maybe while playing he has accidentally broken the leg off his much prized toy dog. And how many of us have not seen or maybe some of us have felt the weight of parent's misery. They do not like to let it be noticed but we all have recognized it, maybe only in a sharp word or phrase but we have realized they were feeling blue over something although we may not have realized its weight or its cause. Perhaps not having the experience, we couldn't.

These are all miseries to which many more could be added but they are too deep. Did you ever think of a person with a cold. He is generally in misery, is he not? And sometimes many of us have miseries, especially these little ones, in common. It does not distinguish between persons or ranks. It is usually impartial. Many of us have seen that while riding on a crowded street car. A poor workman sitting beside a rich office-holding gentleman, both having a bad case of sniffles have something in common. Or perhaps they both have a bad case of rheumatism that has been accentuated by the cold weather, or maybe it is only that they are both out of cigarettes—one doesn't have the money and the other doesn't have the time to stop for them. These little privations or miseries make them fellow travelers in the same class.

How often these little miseries afford us an opportunity or chance to speak to some one we never saw, or perhaps, some one we never thought we would have a chance to speak with. The old scrub woman sweeping the office remarks that a late operation has made it rather hard for her to get about as she used to. Immediately a conversational note is hit upon as they both have recent operations to discuss, and when the boss comes out, to his utter astonishment, his wife is conversing and seemingly interested with the firm's lady janitor. This happens in all states of life. Little Janet as she is leaving the school for the day is downcast and gloomy. Her brother has been called to the army for a year, her only brother, her pal and main support. As she leaves the curb an elderly lady asks to take her home. Asking Janet the cause of her gloom she finds it is the same reason for which she herself is rather blue. Her son, today, left for camp. They are partners in misery yet many years and many circumstances are between them. The lonely hitch-hiker begging for a ride on the roadside is picked up by a rather despondent gent. Conversation is started and we find them both to be nursing the same discomfiture at heart a shattered life caused by death and accident, one in the prime of life, the other in his latter years.

In a university or college of the country the students and professors are leaving class halls for their respective rooms. A student cautiously accosts the professor and puts forward his question. After moments deliberation the professor cheerfully replies that he does not know the complete answer but is working on a new experiment which he hopes will answer the question in its entirety. By now they are walking homeward talking on one common subject, a date having been set for their new experimental work in the lab. The result is two friends in the same straits instead of only the inferior to superior relationship.

One notable instance of this I think we can all picture for ourselves. A fallen country, the king fleeing with his wife and children, both heart-broken by the loss of their country rode, walked, slept and ate with their poorest of subjects leaving at the same time with hearts broken by the same loss that oppressed the king and his family.

Misery! How we sometimes wish we would never have heard the word, and then drift off out of our own little sphere, forgetting our loneliness in pain to think of the enormous crowd we would have gathered around us from all walks and stations of life if we could but see the partner that misery has allotted us to know.

"Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors."

King John.

RICHARD HAFFNER

What a theme to conjure with. In these days of great cities and congested living conditions, the time worn expression: "elbow-room," is more significant than ever before.

Let us board an imaginery merry-go-round and view a cyclorama depicting "elbow-room."

SCENE ONE.

Consider, for instance, our modern efficiency apartments. Why look! They are getting to a point where you have to go out in the streets to turn around. Those tiny efficiency kitchens, if you take one step forward or backward you bump into something or other. The whole place is no larger than a cigar box. And when the depressed city dweller hops into his car to get away from it all out into the great open spaces, Lo! some of these "efficiency" automobiles have so little room that you are lucky to "park-ya-carcass" in the car and hang your elbow out the window. Especially in the winter, and you have furs and coats on, it is really hard on a person. If you want to sit four in one car you are so close together that when the driver tries to turn a corner you are bound to get a jab in the jaw, a poke in the ribs, or something. These club coupes are just the thing for some nice small family with one or two children, but for four grown-ups it is entirely out. Either your legs are too long or there is not enough room for them.

SCENE TWO.

Then there's that general nuisance of finding room for elbows when you take a walk with the "date." You know how 'tis—it's very essential that you get away from the maddening throng and, of course, the paths in those out of the way places are very narrow, hence no "elbow room," but the very handy little arrangement of placing an arm around the girl friend.

SCENE THREE.

Of course, there are the chronic elbow-rubbers, packed like so many pickles on street cars, trollies and busses—or, on a crowded street, for instance, where the sparks fly from the elbows of rushing humanity.

SCENE FOUR.

The telephone booth is another good place to swear. You open the door, step in, and try to close the door behind you—at this point there is bound to be an irrelevant word mentioned. Then snap on the light—that is, if you can find it. Look up your party's telephone number, and then comes that fishing in your pockets for the five-cent piece. When you finally find one, you invariably drop it on the floor. As you stoop

over to pick it up, you knock your head on the wall, and your hind quarters force the door open again. At this point many a foul word leaves your lips. But after you regain all your equilibrium, you get your call through, and everything is o. k. once again—but look what you could have avoided if you had enough “elbow-room.”

SCENE FIVE.

Ah, Yes!—in the crowded theater—what a “ribbing” we get from the elbowing throng. There, it’s “everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost,” and no holds barred. But what really makes a person angry is when he has to stand in a crowd and wait for a seat. The crowd gets impatient and pushes, shoves, pokes, etc., with the result you always come out without that shine on your shoes. And when you do get seated inside, you are always seated behind a pillar or there is a woman with an unusually large hat right in front of you, and you can never see around them. There definitely is no justice!

SCENE SIX.

Or perhaps in church—after a night out, you sleep late and go to a late Mass. Naturally, everybody else has done the same thing, and everybody else is right there at the same Mass. You think the seat is filled—you have no “elbow-room” as it is; but no, here comes another one. You look hopefully in both directions for an extra inch, but it’s no use, so you plaster your elbows against your ribs, hook your shoulder blades on the back of the pew, and heave a sigh of resignation.

Having covered the ground in the States, even though more or less perfunctorily, let us push the horizon back a few thousand miles (Tish! just like that) and take a look at another continent, in our study of the potentialities of our subject.

SCENE SEVEN.

What a scene is unfolded to our view: skies littered with countless monsters, hurling death and destruction to the swarming humanity below; battle fields strewn with the dead and dying—hapless cannon fodder; factory and shop, cottage and castle laid waste ’mid the pitiful cries of helpless noncombatants. All because of what? The struggle for more “elbow room!” That is more or less the scene of the present fight in Europe today. One country is not satisfied with the amount of land she already has, so she just starts a war with her neighboring country and tries to take her fertile lands. And that is usually how these silly wars start—or someone will get the bright idea that he is going to conquer the world! Well, he usually awakens one morning totally defeated.

So there are many places where there could be much more elbow room, and it would not be a bad idea to enlarge these spaces so as to give us the necessary room needed. But the question is, “just how will we go about it?” This should be a very good topic for some scientist to work on—but all we can say is, “More power to him.”

Catholic Music In America

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

You will agree, we are sure, that the writer of this article, a Sophomore, has a gift of vision and of imagination. But, fear never that he is going to take you into the misty regions of dreams and phantasies. His points are real, his suggestions are practical. And you will find the possibilities he suggests even a little tantalizing.

The status of American music in the present day is interesting, sometimes inspiring, provoking, and sometimes heartbreaking. The position of the Catholic body of American music is not different. The exact relation of the creative artist to the appreciative public is complex and thorny but only in the light of this relation will the full picture of our situation be understood, for the artist molds the taste of the public and the audience builds up the demand for good or indifferent music. A clarification of the exact counterbalance can hardly be hoped for in this our day and certainly not in this brief article. A frank recognition of the difficulty is sufficient for our purpose.

My concern is with that American music which has been marked with the impress of Catholicity, or with that musical activity which has been the pride and glory of Catholics as individuals. The search into the past emphasizes this latter point, that of Catholics busy in the world of music. They were musicians, they were Catholics, but sometimes, perhaps often, there the matter ended. In my look to the future which is to conclude this writing I hope to offer to young Catholic musicians something which may help them to join these two elements: their music and their Catholicity. That such a thing can be done is magnificently demonstrated in the life of such a great Catholic musician as Cesar Franck. Now, between these two phases, the past and the future, I shall add the bridge of the present in bold outline, so that the entire view of American Catholic music may be complete.

Among the hundreds of institutions established for the study and development of musical art in America is the Cincinnati College of Music founded by Rueben R. Springer, a Catholic. This institution has made Cincinnati the music center of the middle west—its Music Hall concerts, May Festivals, and Summer Operas being of world renown. Passing to the individual we shall dwell briefly upon Catholic composers, singers and instrumentalists who have already been recognized for their excellence. In the former class are Nicola Montani, Pietor Mascagni,

Pietro Yon and Rene Becker whose religious and secular works reveal the highest type of musicianship. The latter class includes the singers, John McCormick, Madam Albani, and Marie Adelaide Zeckwer; the pianists, John Bonn and Bruno Klein, and the violinist, Herman Tiren-delli. To these we owe the foundation upon which we may now construct.

The possibility of a truly Catholic musical creation is not recognized in the mind of the American public today. Overemphasis of so-called "Modern" music has made people dormant or prejudiced where real music is concerned. They have never been shown the Catholic power and influence of a Beethoven or the simple beauty and humility of Schubert, the product of a soul free from the wearisome cares of the world. The wholesomeness of Cesar Franck's work has been ignored and rejected by a careless public, unmindful that herein lies our Catholic heritage. These composers were not merely Catholic in name or composership, nor just in subject matter, but most of all Catholic in inspiration, in the soul of the thing, therefore expressing Catholic idealism with its saneness and intelligence; Catholic hope and joy, springing from a knowledge of redemption and a vision of eternal happiness. This is our Catholic heritage which is being squandered.

As an actual Catholic body, American Catholics are inactive. The radio, a most wonderful means of communicating our ideals to the world, fails to recognize Catholic music. Our own groups neglect a Catholic selection in favor of a more popular work. We see no Catholic youth orchestra touring the country as the American youth orchestra under Leopold Stokowski. If these things are true, why should we expect better results? However, it is encouraging to note the new enthusiasm being taken in music appreciation courses in our Catholic schools, especially in Catholic colleges. An individual of college age has a genuine and consuming desire for the truth and real beauty. How well our Catholic music can satiate his longing!

With the knowledge of our past and a criticism of our present well in mind I shall venture into that vast field of the unknown, the future, and attempt to offer young Catholic musicians who are anxious to combine their musicianship and Catholicity in the production of music that is truly Catholic. Catholic poets, being constantly productive of fine work, give us first possibilities, that of combining music to poetry, thereby increasing the beauty of each existing thing. Much of our finest poetry still awaits the hand of the composer. Themes and subjects are abundant and their translation into a musical form would prove a crowning glory. Perhaps in some cases copyright difficulties may appear but these are not insurmountable. I shall quote from Joseph M. Plunkett and Sister Madeleva to present to you a more lucid idea of the music contained therein.

"I See Blood Upon The Rose"

I see His blood upon the rose.
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

Sister Madeleva's "Knights Errant" presents a stronger possibility for a musical setting.

Death is no foeman, we were born together;
He dwells between the places of my breath,
Night vigil at my heart he keeps and whether
I sleep or no, he never slumbereth,
Though I do fear thee, Knight of the Sable Feather,
Thou wilt not slay me, Death!

Then there is the field of the tone poem, a musical form where there is the expression of the musical idea in terms of strong emotion, the tones of themselves paint a picture exquisite in every detail. What possibilities await the Catholic musician in this field! We all recall from St. Matthew's gospel the story of the daughter of Jairus—death comes to the beauty of young fresh girlhood, reaping and destroying, then God steps into her presence and life returns. Here are sorrow, tragedy, beauty intermingled with joy, hope and light. *Lepanto*, by Chesterton, could develop into a tone poem of a very different nature than the daughter of Jairus. It has all the masculinity of great Catholic poetry. It could inspire the glory of the Church militant, the malice of vicious wordlings, the struggle of the battle, the march—all wondrous pictures and ideas. The building of a cathedral readily suggests another tone poem with the soaring climb of stone upon stone, the monotony of work, the worthiness of life without hope, the vision of eternal happiness, the grandeur of the house of God. Music has the quality of impressing such ideas with such a force that they become unforgettable. How aptly, too, may we not see in St. Augustine's *City of God* opportunity for a master! Herein he may express the conflict of the world against God, the idea of good and evil, workings of Divine Providence. All this and more are possible in music.

The next musical form which we shall consider for the expression of Catholic ideals is that of the suite, a form most adaptable for our needs. The suite consists of a series of varied pictures or ideas all centered around one main theme or subject. Doesn't this fact of unity of theme immediately suggest the history of the Catholic Church through all its trials and persecutions? Each movement of the suite could present the church as it appears in a different century, unchanging in a world that is in continual flux. The Mysteries of the Rosary, too, could develop into a magnificent suite of three movements, each movement centered

around the ideas expressed in a group of mysteries. Also in this class we might develop the Stations of the Cross. Another theme which we might suggest and which I consider a most entrancing theme is the life of a young girl from the time she enters a convent as a novice till her death as a missionary in some foreign land. Since convent life is so different from the ordinarily accepted idea of it, I feel that the musician has a chance for expressing the pure joy that arises from the service of God alone.

An approach to a larger musical form necessitates a greater idea to be expounded. This is the symphony, the king of musical forms. In this my last suggestion I see the greatest opportunity of all, that of expressing, for example, the problem of evil, the struggle of the good as they see the wicked rewarded and profiting in this world, laughter springing from redemption and with the anticipation of their reward in the next life. All such ideas which have been quarreled over for years could at last be settled and satisfied in this piece of music, the Symphony of Life. These things and more are my hope for the future of Catholic music. With such a wealth of material it is almost impossible to believe that they still remain in the field of the unknown and unexplored. Music is God's gift to mankind so why not lead us to God through His own medium?

EDITORIALS

Softness Of Modern Youth

EDWARD G. ANCEL

In this period of conflict young Americans are faced with a problem far more serious than the question of whether or not America will enter the war. Perhaps many of us do not realize the justice of this challenge, but today's youth is becoming undeniably soft.

What has happened, you may ask, to modern youth in high school and college years to make this post-war generation suddenly become soft? It would be ridiculous to deny that some undergo such a change, and the question as to why and how is inevitable. Youth did not become soft over night. The change has been gradually developing ever since our youngsters reached the early maturity of high school. Youth is not entirely to blame for all the softness generally attributed to it.

The real nature of these "glaring imperfections" of youth has not been discovered. Partially, it is a problem of employment, education and recreation.

The pressure of machinery has been changing the form of human civilization ever since the advent of the Industrial Revolution. Employment of man has taken on new aspects, of which the short-hour week is one. Youth, fresh from the period of education, falls into the new scheme of business and finds more free time at his disposal than ever before. This excessive leisure is no healthy companion for today's post-war generation.

We must also admit, however, that a great number of those who are employed are not properly trained for the work they are doing. Too many of today's youth are inclined to glorify white-collar occupations when such is not their proper element. They do not believe in doing hard work to make a living. Less encouraging, they believe that their pride will be hurt by taking up a trade. Nowadays, youth is depending too much on others to get them employment. They take on an attitude of "Why worry, dad or uncle will get me a position when I graduate." They believe in being paid for the reputation of another, if they are so fortunate. If youth wants to continue to make its way in the world today, it must be keen enough to perceive the line that divides pride from snobbery; they must realize that there is no pride like the pride in a job well done.

Our most urgent need at present is to re-establish the idea that colleges are institutions of learning, not a place of spending four years after

high school to acquire a degree, with no more effort on their part than merely keeping full of drinks, shows and dates. Too many of our parents believe in the idea that all their children must go to college, not that they will gain some knowledge, but for the simple reason that so and so is going. Many of these young ladies and men go to college without any intention of taking up a definite field of study. They choose a curriculum which seems easy to grasp, but never something which will benefit them in later life. If a subject is difficult or uninteresting, they will pursue something else. And while they are away at school mother and dad will see that the idolized off-spring has a good time.

We should not forget that the school has a necessary task to perform in developing traits that will successfully meet the heavy demands of living in this modern world. But school demands—and in some measure is not being satisfied—cooperation from youth itself.

Softness of youth may be greatly due to recreation. The means they often choose are not always good for developing them into adulthood. When youth goes abroad, the most common form of recreation or entertainment includes merely attending movies, watching games and listening to the radio. They prefer watching others than doing something that would accrue to their own benefit. They try to substitute the movie for reading, and when they do read, they usually read condensed forms of some work or else absorb a pictorial magazine. They cannot do anything for themselves. They must have someone else do their reading and thinking. This modern generation is taking too much for granted and does not realize that by getting something the hard way, they will appreciate it more.

These are but a few of the points that show how youth gets soft. Who is to blame for this? All that can be said is that the Church, the school and the community are all partly to blame. Youth has too much leisure time and it is not properly used. But youth isn't entirely innocent.

The parents are to be blamed in that they want the children to have an enjoyable life. They buy the children a car, supply it with gas, give money freely instead of encouraging earning, and let youth enjoy life any old way it wants to. The parents forget that their child will—sooner or later—be living on its own.

Society, too, in general, has not yet realized that it has a great responsibility in guiding and directing young people to find their way in a world of conflicting forces. Happy is the man who, in this scientific and machine age, can find for himself the highest and best way of living. In discovering that way there is nothing that will prove so helpful as the great example of those who have lived before, and whose mature judgment can be a lifeline for this oncoming generation.

Youth, then, to refute this increasingly broad reference to its flabbiness and incompetency, can best of all be conscious of this trend.

All is not well in the house of modern youth. In youth alone lies the charge to fight off the despicable challenge, "You are soft."

* * *

Old Things

CHARLES J. PEITZ, JR.

The hard, startling red of brick apartment buildings, their flat, plain fronts; the shiny newness of the latest model automobile driving over the recently laid asphalt boulevard; the brilliant and glittering streamlined limited as it smoothly pulls into its station; all these are only a part, but a typical part of twentieth century atmosphere. All is new, all is brilliant, shining, glittering. Everywhere is evidence of new and further progress toward material perfection. The latest industrial arts magazine features, among other things, an article telling how silk stockings, guaranteed not to pull, run, rip, or what have you, are now being made by means of a new patented process. In the same issue, another article tells how machine guns are being made more deadly every day, and airplanes safer and faster. In the local newspaper, we see a picture of the mayor turning the first spadeful of dirt for a new Federal Housing project.

Everywhere we see reflected the progress that marks our age for what it is, a new era in the achievement of man. We now have things never dreamed of before, and if the present pace keeps up, shall have many more. Experts tell us that so far we have only scratched the surface, and that new and unlimited fields lay open to him who just has the ingenuity to find them.

All this, of course, is very good in itself. Man must progress if he is to retain a healthy and wholesome outlook. But in the pursuit of that progress, he is only too apt to delight overmuch in the new and forget the charm and romance of the old. He begins to evaluate things on the basis of their utilitarian worth or how much material pleasure they can bring him, completely forgetting that such things seldom have a mental or spiritual worth.

Old things, on the other hand, have a certain spiritual charm which sets them apart from all others. There is a distinct pleasure, and even thrill, in seeing and feeling and touching something old. An ancient castle, a gnarled and twisted oak at the edge of a cliff, an antique piece of furniture, an old rusty saber, a snuff-box; all these excite in their beholder an imaginative pleasure which can be found nowhere else. Their utilitarian value has long since gone; the old castle makes a sorry dwell-

ing in comparison to a modern six-room house, the wood in the old oak is capable only of being made into toothpicks, the antique chair will break if sat in, the saber is certainly an anachronism in this age of mobilized warfare, and the use of snuff has long been out of fashion. Yet this is exactly where these things contain their most interest. We don't look for air-conditioning in the castle, lumber from the oak, use from the chair; rather do we sit back and dream, conjuring up images of all the romance and life that these time honored relics have witnessed. The castle is more than a mere pile of crumbling, ivy clad walls. It has life within it. For all its towering, massive strength, it has a kind of warm and friendly atmosphere. The tenacity of the old oak, clinging and fighting against the multitude of storms and ripping winds leaping to destroy it, arouses in us a feeling of admiration, mingled with a touch of pity. When we observe the rusty saber, we think only of the many pitched battles it has helped to fight, the many noble and heroic deeds it has witnessed.

All these are attachments and associations which new things do not and cannot have by virtue of their very newness. Except for a possible beauty of line and color combination, which by themselves can be called artistic only sensually, a new car can be valuable only in so far as it is capable of taking us where we wish to go. Our source of satisfaction here is confined to its usefulness and its ability to provide material pleasures. Beyond that, there is nothing.

Yet it is interesting to note how little attraction old things have for people today. Very often their attitude is summed up with the words, "If it doesn't work, what good is it?" The reason for such an attitude, of course, is that the average imagination has been dulled, has grown weak from the lack of use. We have become over practical. Eventually such a condition will have its effect on even our material progress. When that time comes, and it must inevitably come, if the present attitude continues, then America will no longer be the land of opportunity and hope it has always been throughout its glorious past.

Book Reviews

St. Benedict, Dom Justin McCann, New York: Sheed and Ward, 1937, 301 pp.

ARTHUR LOEW

With the abundance of Saint's biographies on the market today, written by all types of hands and in all styles, it is a real joy to read one that is completely different, candid and concise. This Dom Justin McCann has neatly accomplished in his biography of St. Benedict, giving it life speed, and the power to draw one on, eager for his next message.

In the beginning the author has taken for his setting the historical background of the countries and times in which St. Benedict was born and lived. For practically three chapters he sets down the principal events which were to do much in the shaping of this man's life. Woven into this, there runs the thread of the Saint's life until he is brought forward and the center of attraction is focused on him, his work and surroundings. Moving from this point the events have a chronological sequence, the smaller and more insignificant relegated to the background to build up for the highlights of his life that shine as brilliant lamps, piercing the darkness at regular intervals. From this regularity comes a certain rythm, a well balanced and systematic unit, carrying with it a dignity not of the unapproachable and severe, but of the warm, friendly type. To further sustain this dignity throughout he has kept his work practically free from unnecessaries. In his scenic descriptions runs a thread of the poetic love of expression, conciseness. With this type of description and only a small amount of material from which to glean his facts, the reader is not wearied by long stories and accounts. He is warned beforehand that what he is now about to read is not established data but mere pious stories and legends. From its unique and lucid style, and quiet phrasing it drops the seed of thought, leaving the reader unaware of its presence yet by its gentle action, later compels attention and careful thought.

Apparently however, the author was not writing for the ordinary reader, a person who has not had an education beyond that of grade or high school, as he has a great number of latin phrases, which stand unexplained, but which have a definite place in the work, which carry a definite meaning and yet have to be passed over, taking from the story some of its interest. Here I am referring especially to the long chapter on the second vow. It seems that the author has made a deviation by explaining at too great a length this part of the rule of St. Benedict. A whole chapter is devoted to the explanation of a few latin words and phrases, detracting from the movement of the story.

Omitting this apparent deviation, for the person who wants a book full of thought both spiritual and intellectual, *St. Benedict* will be found both pleasing and adequate.

* * *

Wind, Sand, and Stars, by Antoine de Saint Exupery, New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1939, 306 pp.

STEPHEN D. THEODOSIS

A French aviator, Antoine de Saint Exupery, who followed the profession of airline pilot for eight years, offers his book, translated from French to English, in homage to the airline pilots of America and their dead.

In this book Monsieur Exupery unfolds before the very eyes of the reader the mysteries and facts that surround the ever-glorious profession of flying. The thrills that rush through the soul and body of a young pilot in flying his first cargo of passengers and mail through the dangerous mountain passages of the treacherous Alps, and the hazardous experiences he undergoes, make the reader of this book stop to think and admire the pilot and his craft and pay tribute to both.

Many of us read of pilots getting lost in mountains and vast deserts, but few of us understand the hardships, sorrows and griefs that entail such an incident. As Anne Morrow Lindbergh states in her appreciation-essay: "It is a book of flying experiences, of travels over the earth's surface, of people met on those travels and of thoughts ripened from these encounters. One learns to know planes and pilots, their work, their ordeals, their sacrifices, and their rewards. One learns to know the sky and the seas, mountains and deserts, in all their beauty and terror."

Exupery's adventures are expressed not merely as physical adventures, but as experiences of a human soul in seeking peace and contentment. This may be seen in his reference to the stars as "the frozen glitter of diamonds." Exupery himself, is a philosopher, a man who idealizes, a man who views all men as beings touched with magnificence. This is shown in his reference to man when he says, "Each individual is a miracle." To him the world is too wonderful a thing to be grasped by mere human realization.

The incidents related are adventures! Adventure is seen in breaking the air, the first mail route from France to Dakar and again down the coast to South America; adventure is seen in the struggle against a cyclone on the Argentina coast, or in the picture of his dear friend Guillaumont trapped in the snows, lost for three days and nights without food, shelter or sleep and whose pugnacious courage carried him home to those who loved him and needed him when he could have so easily slept

his way into eternity. Adventure is seen in a great flight, a crash in the desert, and then in the impending doom which he and his mechanic face, brought about by thirst and fatigue under the scorching rays of the sun during the day and the cold spine chilling winds of the night, and then escape. Yes, escape so improbable, so harrowing that even the reader shudders at its relation. Then again adventure is shown in the front-line trenches during the war in Spain.

Adventures are plentiful and the prospective reader may be assured interesting. This quality is heightened by the author's vivid description and detail of the incidents, throughout the book.

* * *

Murder In A Nunnery, by Eric Shepherd, London and New York:
Sheed and Ward, 1940, 183 pp.

ROBERT CAUSLAND

Murder In A Nunnery is, to say the least, a unique title. But the novel itself is even more surprising.

Eric Shepherd is a name yet unknown in the field of writing. Still, after reading his book, a prediction of his rise to fame would be a very safe prophecy. His knowledge of convent life and ways is quite extensive because of the fact that his sister is in actual life the Mother Superior of a convent.

The most outstanding feature, if it is possible to single out one, is our author's ability to characterize. The Reverend Mother Superior of this narrative is possibly modeled after his own sister. Still he has endowed this lovable woman with much understanding and wisdom that she might be imagined as a typical mother of the world. This character of the Mother Superior is not only one of love and understanding, but she is a person who has a deep insight into the human soul of others. Reverend Mother does not easily betray her feelings, acting coolly under any and all circumstances. Her ability is more clearly shown by a quotation from the story itself:

"Reverend Mother was no speechifier, though her clear, unstressed voice carries perfectly. She spoke informally—almost, one might have said, casually. 'We are not to shirk ugly facts, or the ugly words which describe them. We must calmly and bravely face ugly facts and the ugly words which belong to them. Murder has been done here among us—I regret to say, of all places, closely adjoining the sanctuary of our chapel. It is possible that the guilty person is here among us now.'"

The Chief Inspector was truly a gentleman of the old school, with eighteenth century manners and flourishes. By nature, he was a peace loving man with a delicate sense of smell, and by profession a shrewd,

logical thinking man—always making use of this highly attuned sense. Although the Inspector was an exacting, reserved gentleman he proved himself a “good fellow” to the student body of the convent when:

“The Inspector mounted the inadequate dias, caught his foot in the carpet and fell off again, thus creating a very good impression.”

Detective-Sergeant Osbert, the Inspector’s assistant, is in direct contrast to the distinguished Chief Inspector. Being a true policeman he lives by the code of the third degree. Yet for many reasons his system just would not bring him results at the convent.

Here is an occasion to prove the newness of this author’s style. Into the tragic event of a convent murder he has introduced many humorous sequences—especially where the Detective-Sergeant is concerned. When the police arrive at the scene of the crime they were given a reception very different than that of hysterics, which was the usual thing at all murders.

But if these gentlemen had been disposed to find something funny in the idea of a murder in a Nunnery they were soon called to order and made to think very differently when they encountered Mother Peck, the portress, at the door. Mother Peck looked them over with a sharp and blighting eye, dwelling particularly on their feet—and then interned them in a small and hideous parlour designed to break the contentious spirit of visiting parents. Here she left them—with a supply of C.T.S. tracts—until as she put it “someone had time to attend to them.”

The story itself embodies many Catholic doctrines, woven into the plot so easily and earnestly that a Catholic reader will think to himself how fortunate he is to class himself as one of those sincerely honest people calling themselves Catholics. Beyond a doubt it will also serve to give non-Catholics much to think over.

The setting for this story needed no dreary weather and the murder was not committed in the dead of night. Instead the outrage occurred a very few minutes after Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, late in the afternoon. Preceding the arrival of the police, Baroness Sliema, a proud old woman who is determined to have her own way in all things, is stabbed to death at Saint Joseph’s Chapel. The body of the Baroness is discovered by one of the school girls, Verity Goodchild, who proves herself more than useful in finding the murderer.

This short but swiftly moving story is filled with ghosts, humor, suspense, pathos and the human emotions of love and hate. Yet murder does what it will and before the thief of life is apprehended the plot takes many baffling turns.

Most readers will begin to wonder what convent school most nearly resembles Harrington Convent, the scene of our story. But Eric Shepherd assures us that: “The whole box of tricks are purely imaginary.” All of which goes to prove that any subject matter would provide this author with adequate material to produce an equally interesting novel.

I Married Adventure, by Osa Johnson, New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1940, 376 pp.

HERBERT VILIM

I Married Adventure is the story of two people; of two people who started from the bottom and ended at the top. It is a good biography and is also a log of adventure of the type seldom experienced by any white person; certainly by few white women. These things in themselves make the book well worth reading.

Of the book's outstanding qualities, first mention must be given to the author's telling manner of presentment, for it contains a certain simplicity and unpretentiousness about it that lends the book the quality of warmth and chattiness. This, I suspect, is borrowed from the author's personality itself, and is important in that it serves to carry the reader into the story itself, rather than create the impression that he is a mere onlooker.

Added to these qualities mentioned, should be the fact that Mrs. Johnson has a terse manner of description. This pointedness of pen is everywhere noticeable and is a contributing factor in adding dramatic content to the tale. Some examples of this would be illuminating. One occurred while Osa and her husband, Martin, were visiting the Big Numbers, a cannibal tribe inhabiting the greater part of Malekula Island in the South Seas. Having strayed farther from the village than usual, the couple came upon a hut secluded in the woods. Osa writes, "Always curious, Martin got down on his hands and knees, peered in and entered. I followed. As my eyes gradually became adjusted to the dim light, I saw what looked like baskets of black grapefruit. I picked one up to examine it more closely and dropped it in horror. It was a dried human head! In another section of the narrative, she relates her reaction to her first sight of a cannibal. It seems the landing party had just reached the boats and the Johnsons turned in to investigate the interior of their first cannibal infested island. Osa looks up and sees a native head-hunter peering at them intently from the jungle's edge. She pictures tersely the party's startled reaction, and says simply of herself, "I moved closer to Martin." It is this absolute restraint in style that makes the book impregnable against boredom and carries it smoothly over the low spots necessary to describe routine preparations between their various trips.

Generally speaking, *I Married Adventure* describes Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's lives and adventures, the latter resulting from Martin's life work—wild life photography. Thus it is that throughout her book, the author has interspersed various photographs taken during their travels, and these, of course, make for greater variety and reader-interest. And,

it might be added, if proof is needed for the authenticity of the stranger tales related, these same pictures will soon disperse the doubts of the most critical reader. It should also be mentioned that Martin was an expert in his work, in spite of the fact that he risked his life innumerable times for a mere action shot. But then, that was Mr. Johnson.

A word or two about the author would be in place in a review of this nature. Since Mr. Johnson knew his wife as few others did, we shall use his words. Sometime before his death he said of her: "For bravery and steadiness and endurance Osa is the equal of any man I ever saw. She is a woman through and through. There is nothing 'mannish' about her, yet as a comrade in the wilderness she is better than any man I ever saw." This is indeed a stirring tribute from the one to know, and especially so since he was the author of the adventure!

* * *

No Other Man, by Alfred Noyes, New York: Frederick Stokes & Company, 1940, 320 pp.

JOHN MURPHY

We find, occasionally, that a novel utterly original and startlingly lifelike joins the ranks of the best-sellers. *No Other Man* must, by any standard of criticism, be placed well up on your "must-be-read" list. The author has plumbed the depths of human emotion and portrayed these in a forceful, stirring style with timely illustrations. In this way we are given a cameo-like impression of the book as a whole.

The book deals with the author's conception of the future, giving a picture of the ultimate destruction of civilization through martial power. He begins his story with a man who, returning from a deep-sea expedition discovers that the warring nations of the world have turned their secret weapons of death on one another. Landing not far from the city of London, he drove into the city, finding everyone dead along the way. In the city not a soul remained alive, and the same was found to be true some days later, after his arrival in Italy. In every village, house and street, the people were found, apparently petrified. Many still retained the positions they had assumed immediately preceding the disastrous blow.

Then in the Louvre, Paris, he finds a lady's purse, containing a small watch still running—evidently having been recently wound. His search for this fellow survivor began immediately, culminating, finally, in his meeting the girl at Ravello, Spain. They set about finding a place to live. During this time he made no attempt to improve a very formal relationship with her. They posted signs for the assistance of any others

who might have survived the disaster, instructing them to meet at Ravello.

The first survivor to arrive was a former dictator, a propagator of the doctrine of "neo-civilization." This doctrine is opposed to all love, charity, and education, as well as religion and democracy. Upon his arrival he demands that the young lady live with him. He blinds the young man temporarily, and kidnaps the girl. This small outline suggests the basic contents of this fantastic theme. One must conclude the story for one's self.

Although the story is swift-moving and concise, there are numerous digressions toward literature, art, and poetry. Many subtle objections are voiced against the social, economical, and political relationships between the nations of our time. However, the book should be popular among students interested in political economics, physics, and most important of all, literature.

Alfred Noyes, ever since the turn of the century, has rapidly moved to the front in literature, producing both prose and poetry in gratifying quantities. He was born in Saffordshire, England, in 1880, and obtained his education at Oxford University. While still comparatively young, he made poetry his profession. In 1914 he married and was appointed Professor of Modern English at Princeton University. His greatest—most marked—ability, is the knack of creating stirring ballads.

In 1902 he wrote *The Loom of Years*. *Old Japan* followed in 1903, and in the following year he published a collection of verses entitled *Poems*. His best known ballad, and the one for which he was most widely acclaimed is *The Highwayman*. Other works for which he has become noted are: *The Forest of Wild Thyme*, *Forty Singing Seamen*, *Drake*, *The Enchanted Island*, *the Elfin Artist*, and *Collected Poems*. All these were poems, but in recent years he has taken up the writing of prose, and is rapidly forging ahead in this field. Some of his more popular works are: *The Book of Earth*, and *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*.

Alfred Noyes is noted for his striking imagery and vivid description. Many references to poetry and art are introduced in this novel, *No Other Man*, and in each case they blend perfectly with the trend of his story. The plot is easily followed, and holds one's undivided attention throughout.

The only possible unfavorable criticism would be the brutality or frankness with which one is brought into contact with the various forms of death and the somewhat cynical reflections of the hero's impressions upon seeing the plight of the stricken populace. All in all the book should be enjoyed by any casual reader—who seeks information or merely reads it for the enjoyment to be found therein.

Exchanges

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

Since MEASURE is one of the few college literary magazines which sees the advantages of conducting an exchange department, it is the policy of our publication to criticize at length upon a few magazines in an early issue rather than to discuss many of our exchanges, and fail to expound really worth while criticism for any. MEASURE is happy to note that more publications are beginning to realize the advantages which cooperation among our exchange departments will produce. It was with the view of establishing cooperation that our predecessor in this department continuously exhorted other colleges to establish exchanges and carry on a more active correspondence among those already existing. Thus it is that MEASURE will continue to preach the gospel of exchanges and will solicit the aid of other progressive magazines to do the same.

This department will be the first to assist in any activity which might serve to make the exchanges a "must read" department in any college literary magazine. Earlier this fall MEASURE attempted to start co-operative criticism among many of its old exchanges. Sad to state, only two literary magazines replied with a positive answer for MEASURE's question. The rest either ignored the letters or answered negatively. Surely this is not cooperation! It is a well known fact that it is upon the principle of cooperation that an exchange column must operate. Our very success is determined in a degree proportionate to it. The benefits are mutual, so why not work together?

Now, in order to secure a greater variety of opinions concerning our exchanges, the following magazines have each been reviewed by a different person. These young men have avoided vague generalities, and have actually evaluated the work, a thing which many exchange departments fail to do. They have expressed their unbiased criticism in a constructive manner which we hope will aid the contributors, editors, and artists who are naturally interested in improving their magazine. Praise is honest in these reviews, and the critical comments are frank and pointed. Hence, MEASURE is not "patting its exchanges on the back" and in return expects and encourages the same treatment.

Bearing these thoughts in mind, we shall now proceed with our reviews of the summer edition, 1940, of the "*Mundelein College Review*," from Mundelein College, of Chicago, "*Chimes*," from Cathedral College, New York City, the "*Fordham Monthly*," from Fordham University, New York, and "*Chimes*," from St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana.

One glance at the *Mundelein Review* is sufficient to put the reader in an enthusiastic, receptive mood. The bright blue cover of the summer,

1940, edition is distinctly individual and seems to invite exploration of its contents. Turning the first page we come upon an unusual table of contents. We note that the introductory notes are placed here rather than preceding each article. The arrangement is novel and convenient for the reader. However, the comments on the staff page are superfluous since the table of contents also have comments.

Our first consideration is an article by Mary B. Mackey, "Brook Farm Centennial." This article, an analysis of Brook Farm community and of Margaret Fuller's work, is, on the whole, well written and attractive despite the fact that the introductory paragraph is weak and rather stereotyped. The subject, being new to most people, presents information for which we must not fail to thank Miss Mackey. The quotations serve their purpose marvelously and are not so numerous as to become tiring. Our criticism is that the article is too lengthy for its quality.

Miss Virginia Cheatham is the author of the next selection, a short story entitled "Just Go Ahead." We find it entertaining but too sentimental, even exaggerating facts making them unrealistic. Miss Cheatham's expressions such as "they made small talk" are very effective and present a lucid image of the characters involved. The insight into the characters of the sisters which the story reveals is cleverly manipulated and the reader cannot help but catch the "spirit" of Ellen and to despise "sweet" Caroline.

The subject matter of the following article is unworthy of the excellent title, "Mars and the Muses." This essay claims to estimate the influence of the European conflict on English and French writers. Of course, we are appreciative of the survey which the author, Miss Rosamond McMillan, has made and consider it complete. However, the essay fails to be anything except a mere narration of facts which of themselves read like a report of war casualties. The author's mood is optimistic throughout in treating the cultural life but she fails to hold our attention long enough to glean any enjoyment from it. With such excellent material and title we feel that something extraordinarily fine should have resulted.

The reader looking for a scientific essay will be disappointed in reading "College Zoology." This bit of nonsense is well placed in the magazine, refreshing one after "ploughing" through Miss McMillan's "Mars and the Muses." The theme is new and cannot fail to amuse even the most critical commentator. In my opinion, it is among the best contributions to this issue of "*Mundelein Review*," and the author, Constance Campbell, deserves praise for her work.

Another short story claims our attention, "Cue in the Band," by Virginia Coffey. Miss Coffey relates the story of a circus band musician whose ambition is to become a member of a symphony orchestra. Attaining this goal after twenty years he finds that the "sawdust" in his

blood longs for the circus and he returns to his old position. Our only suggestion is that the author might have been a bit more specific in descriptions. However, the story is worthy of anyone's attention.

In the *Mundelein Review* we find three pages of "side glances" called "The American Scene." These pages consist of short informal remarks upon current oddities in the news, letters from readers, etc. It is the appearance of things such as these that gives the "Review" its distinct individuality and set it up as a beacon light to be followed by other editors. The reviews of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, current drama, and books are well written but seem to fill up space which might be utilized to greater advantage. This is especially true of the book reviews.

The two editorials, "This Way, Bondage," and "Discovery of America—1940" are timely and the opinions which they express are optimistic—in keeping, I suppose, with the general spirit of the magazine. We do not feel that such fine editorials should be concealed in the last pages of the magazine and must criticize the make-up of the "Review" on this account.

The magazine contains poetry which is also in keeping with the tenor and outlook of the publication. Their appearance makes for a varied choice of subject matter and this adds another merit to the "Review." It is a delightful task to review the "*Mundelein Review*" since there are always as many good things that one may say about it as there are critical comments.

* * *

Dear Exchange Editor:

A few minutes spent in considering the "*Chimes*" will be a most pleasant experience after reading through this rather attractive, well-written publication. The "*Chimes*" has come to us from Cathedral College, New York City. We are introduced to the magazine by an attractive yellow and blue cover, marred only by the crude, somewhat sketchy drawing of a church. Our next impression is likewise not too satisfactory for we are left to suffer the hardship of wading through several pages of advertisements before we reach the beginning. Although these ads are well-written and set up and possess the required dignity for an advertisement in a literary publication, we do not feel that the front is the proper place for such material.

However, enough of this; let's get into the "meat" of the publication, which in its fine style and rich embellishment of subject matter goes far to counterbalance the weaknesses of make-up. The first article, "Religion and Democracy," by Joseph O'Brien, ably treats this important subject. Although we believe that Mr. O'Brien would have been more successful if he had selected a better title. The best that we can say for the one that he did choose is that it is trite and forbidding. However, the body of the article does offer much food for thought to anyone

who succeeds in getting beyond the title. We agree with the author in his belief that religion and democracy are closely linked together and feel that he has successfully defended his stand.

Next, Joseph Gilday solicits our attention with a travelogue entitled "Southern Interlude." This is the story of the author's trip to Florida and the effect that this "land of sunshine" had upon him. After the interesting and suggestive title, we are met, sadly to say, by a lullaby in the form of the opening lines. If we still remain awake, we have the best yet to come. In our opinion the descriptions which the author embodies in this article are the work of a true artist. Only in a very few places they are vague for it is very difficult for any of us to form a clear image of the "buzzing of birds." However, on the whole, Mr. Gilday has given too much attention to these artistic creations and too little to coherence. Truthfully, we must admit that it was impossible to follow the author as he jumped suddenly from one place to the other. We must admire Mr. Gilday for defending the North, which was the section of his birth, and yet being broad-minded enough to admit the beauties and splendors of the Southland. In places it felt as though the author was unduly restraining himself when mentioning the deplorable conditions existing in the country through which he passed. With all its shortcomings we spent a pleasant few minutes reliving this colorful adventure with Mr. Gilday.

The third article, by Fred Kelly, bears the thought-provoking title, "Dawn Came, But No Day." This is a skillfully written biography of one of our greatest American poets, Edwin Markham. Although the first paragraph is rather dull and not easily understandable, it introduces an article that abounds with factual knowledge, which is so blended that a fine biographical essay emerges. We admire the way that Mr. Kelly frankly faces the condition of the Church during the pontificate of Leo X. To deny the truth is folly on the part of any writer; to admit facts boldly and in a straightforward manner is a literary virtue. Mr. Kelly's defense of social writings and his criticism of the "Man with the Hoe" are outstanding in their original style and fluency. We leave this article with much to think about.

"Radio Announcers, On and Off," was a short bit of fun by Emmett Carmody. Its choice and inclusion at this point was a triumph that may well be envied by any editor. After pages of serious material, we are given relaxation in this fun-packed article. Although we glean no information from its paragraphs, we may truthfully place it among the important contributions to "*Chimes*." It is a condemnation of those "pesky" individuals, the radio announcers. The article is so full of clean humor that it is just impossible to get serious. From its original beginning to the last paragraph, it had us "rolling in the aisles." While reading this pleasant bit of nonsense we felt like a couple of grade school boys

out on recess and felt equally as sorry when the bell rang and the article closed.

The only poetic attempt was a page-long poem by William Carlo entitled "Faith." It reveals deep thought on the part of the poet and for that it may be admired. "Faith" concerns itself with the pains and troubles that may be wiped away by simple faith in God.

For diversity we might point to "Echo Below the Equator," by Terence Cooke, which is a biography of J. C. Smuts, the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. It is very timely, concerning itself with the present conflict and many of the things that led up to it. We can not share Mr. Cooke's opinion when he places the full blame for the collapse of the League of Nations on Uncle Sam's doorstep. However, as a whole, the article was written with a full command of facts so skillfully harmonized as to produce a literary work.

Let us briefly glance at the two editorials. The first, entitled "Armageddon," is brief and to the point. It would have been much better if the editor had abandoned this trite, and by now time-worn title for something more inviting. In the other, "Commencement," the editor points strikingly to the fact that it is the personality, not the books that really go to making a true education. The memory of the professor remains long after the text book has passed into the world of the forgotten.

We find also embodied in the "*Chimes*" a splendid and ably written Alumni department. "Bookmen," the department of book reviews, reveals a skillfully managed section to be emulated by any publication. The reviews are few but are more than mere glimpses of the books. The novels reviewed are new and have been well-chosen.

From its beginning with a trite metaphor until its last sentence, we were at a loss to find anything good to say about "Cathedralia." It was a record of events arranged in the chronological order covering the last quarter at Cathedral. We realize that it is a permanent record of school events, but we can not conceive why the pleasure of the reader must be sacrificed. Except for a graduate who would read the column twenty-five years hence, no one will glean any knowledge or enjoyment from its paragraphs. In our opinion "*Chimes*" would be better off without it.

In the exchange department we see the high literary standard that is generally reflected elsewhere in the "*Chimes*." The reviews are not many nor are they too lengthy. Many other exchange departments could well benefit by these frank yet truthful criticisms.

As a whole, we firmly believe that "*Chimes*" will satisfy the most critical reader. Its small sketches neatly illustrating the articles make the publication both interesting and inviting. If we are to consider this issue a criterion of the magazine in general, then we might truthfully say that "*Chimes*" deserves the honor that has been placed upon it. Truly it is "All-Catholic."

ROBERT CONTANT

Dear Exchange Editor:

As you requested, I have read and re-read the *Fordham Monthly*, edition for June, 1940. I am now offering my criticisms in the hope that they will be taken in the same spirit with which they are offered; namely, a spirit of constructiveness.

To begin with, Fordham must be complimented on being able to produce a monthly literary magazine. For, despite the size of the institution, there is always difficulty in obtaining sufficient material of the kind suitable for publication in a magazine devoted to finer writing and finer thinking. It is, perhaps, because of the frequency of publication that the magazine finds it hard (referring here to the editorial on page 483) to secure material that meets their standards.

After reading of their "erudite" contributors, and the "rare, but well-written, articles," I could not help but wonder if the editor who wrote the brief introductory paragraphs forgot that in the editorials he was bemoaning the fact that the material *was not* on a par with the magazine's "well-intentioned mark."

The article on T. S. Eliot's literary criticism shows the product of a mind that has grasped full well the meaning of the thoughts expressed. The writer has succeeded in making his subject interesting, and he presents it in such an attractive manner that even those not versed in the principles of literary criticism must admit that they found the work absorbing.

There is a prevalence—or perhaps it is more than mere prevalence?—toward modern modes of literature. There is, also, a very effective use of the present tense in the story, "Barber Shop." The only drawback in the consistency with which this modern trend makes its appearance is that the final pages of the magazine become heavy and boring. One almost feels that a single person was responsible for every word in the magazine. By varying the style of telling, I believe the editors could achieve a far more effective conclusion.

Fordham's writers fell prey to the present flood of war-time literature and concerned themselves with a characterization of a German aviator out on a bombing mission. Need our college press become war-conscious after the manner of the popular periodicals? I think not.

The whole atmosphere of one critical piece, "The Aisle Seat," leaves one under the growing impression that the writer is endeavoring to excuse himself. Considering the fact that this number was the graduation edition, this excusing might be overlooked. But it sticks out like a sore thumb in an otherwise delightful bit of writing.

Further delineations on the *Monthly* might develop into mere repetitions of what has gone before. Therefore, nothing more shall be added.

Sincerely,

G. R. SCHREIBER

Francis Kinney
c/o MEASURE
Collegeville, Ind.

Dear Francis:

You left a copy of a literary magazine here on my desk yesterday. This particular journal happened to be the product of the young ladies at nearby St. Mary's College, Holy Cross. A few of the points contained in this Commencement Issue of *Chimes*, I believe, are deserving of some slight comment, at least.

At your request, articles by faculty members will go by untreated upon. There were, however, graduation addresses by Bishop O'Hara, Father Michael C. D'Arcy, and articles by Sister Madeleva, which are stories in themselves.

"The Least of These" is a wistful, whimsical little tale of a small boy—parentless and beset by a plethora of bad breaks—who was taken under the protective wing of the Sisters of Holy Cross.

Miss Bonnie Larkin's "A Diary," containing brief narratives of eight days at St. Mary's in the nineties, is a kind of new venture in your field. The diary is perfumed with the swirl of skirts and ruffled blouses. How odd seems the restrained coed of the previous century with her rustle, bustles, minuets, and across the lake the legendary Notre Dame men she heard about but never saw. High heels and coke dates are a far cry from Dad's older sister when she was young.

Next comes "Grandfather's Story," which portrays a modern ready-for-college grand daughter bent on a state university. Grandfather's account of the heroics of the Sisters on the battlefields of the Civil War, prompts the girl to change her mind—in favor of St. Mary's, of course.

Another phase of a girl's life away at school presents itself in "Saturday Campus." A St. Mary's girl languishes on an idyllic October afternoon because she is "booked." Her mother arrives unexpectedly, and eventually a discussion between two alumnae show the offending young lady that there are more things about the spirit of St. Mary's than had until this time met her eye.

"Prelude to the Future" draws a fleeting contrast with the way standard college occurrences are taken today over fifty years ago. How girls of today treat the daily mail, honor convos, and plain-talk sessions differs widely from the account Aunt Matilda, St. Mary's, class of '95, used to tell.

Editorials—and there are two brief ones—both propound reading of an occasional book and thereby intellectual gain during the coming summer if not a financial one.

Poetry included "Youth," a cinquain; "A Song for Mother Eleanor," a commemoration; and a comic little quartet of lines masking under the title of "Fairies."

This edition is highly successful in that all things dear to St. Mary's girls are strongly exploited. You hear of the stone gates, points, dots, convocations, rec room revelry, and the inevitable boys from Notre Dame. Every story—and there must be necessarily few because of the great space given graduation subjects—is built almost propagandistically around St. Mary's. This issue, I am sure, Francis, would convince any young Catholic girl that St. Mary's College is the *ni plus ultra* in its line.

Some readers, I have heard, resent such a forward sales-piece making in a literary journal. It isn't art for art's sake, you might maintain, but it was freshly and tersely handled.

One bad thing about terseness, however, is that it is so liable to merge into undesirable brevity. All of the articles—including poems, editorials, and stories—were especially conspicuous by their lack of long treatment. One more completely developed attempt might have made the journal appear less flung together. But here again Commencement possibly offers the explanation.

Personally, Francis, now that you've let me learn more about the benign mantle of St. Mary and how she watches over this girls' college, I'm anticipating the chance to sip a Martini in Oliver's and some day see this beautiful campus, face to face.

Remember, that all of this is in the spirit of customary good faith and wishes.

Very truly yours,

RICHARD M. SCHEIBER

RMS/R

P. S.

Pardon me, Francis, for nearly omitting the book reviews. They were three in number, all very thoroughly treated. The criticism of *Autobiography*, by A. A. Milne, seemed to me to be a trifle more enthusiastic and spontaneous than the others.

* * *

In the past, MEASURE has been the recipient of many exchanges which, for some reason or other, were never reviewed. We realize this fact and wish to state that all are equally considered even though they fail to be mentioned in the exchange department. In all fairness we must endeavor to criticize every exchange, but to those who really desire to be reviewed and who have been missed in the past we extend an invitation to write us at any time concerning these matters and a reply is guaranteed. MEASURE will practice what it preaches, namely, cooperation at any sacrifice. American collegiate journalists must work together both as individuals and groups and only then will the status of our magazines be lifted. Of course we are not overlooking the fact that our exchanges have considerably increased during the past year, but as yet that degree of unified action has not been reached for which MEASURE is striving.

Critical Notes

PAUL F. SPECKBAUGH, C.P.P.S.

The editor of another college magazine investigated several numbers of MEASURE, which she had never seen before. She returned them to me with this interesting comment, that she found them very unusual, so "naive," so "lacking in sophistication." Now, whether that was meant as flattery or not is of little consequence. The fact seems to remain that our magazine has a spirit which is apparently somewhat unique and it should be profitable for us to appraise this and to appreciate it.

That MEASURE does no original research is obvious. That great poets and fiction-writers flock elsewhere is also true. That our journal has inaugurated no major Catholic Action is also easily known. The flash of modernity in our pages is probably not blinding; the "teen-bright" air of certainty is by no means striking in the pages of our publishing. But I like to think that something else is there, that something which may have captivated the attention of the young editor.

There is, I hope it is true to say, a certain eagerness about truth and knowledge which is coupled with a strong reverence for those goals of search. There is, so I wish, a longing for beauty which is the mark of a soul who has in a poor human way seen his God. There is a zeal for good which is never forgetful of the weakness of human nature. And so—I pray that it may always be so—there is that note of humility which is none the less fearless, but which is the mark of the true Christian student. If this is truly here, then perhaps we may begin to speak of the wisdom of youth!

* * *

The Convention of the Catholic School Press Association in October was memorable and of deep value. Every one realized that in that gathering something was done which seems possible only in Catholic activities; that enkindling of the Faith in action, that striking of the spark of zeal, that lighting of the way to nobler things, which is fully expressed only by the figure of fire. All this was unmistakable; but there is another matter which troubles me.

In this Convention as in all those I can remember, there was a preponderance of attention upon the high school and college newspaper. I speak now of the general attention of the assembly. It is true enough that notice was given to several problems and difficulties of the journal, but it is also true, I believe, that most of the general messages were worded for the interest and appeal of the young Catholic newsperson. My memory may be blurred and mistaken; my intention certainly is

not to quarrel with the great good which was accomplished. My thoughts simply carry me on.

Could the editors and Faculty-advisers of all the various college magazines pouring from our doors be interested in a Convention devoted only to the journal? Are there enough of us who are eager to discuss, to argue, to defend, to look ahead—so many in number as to justify a separate gathering of the clan? Plan for today and tomorrow, some necessary help in typography, policies that are worthy of emulation, methods of work which are very good; all these things, and many more, might be discussed in such a meeting, but are there enough of us interested. It would be a grouping of the members of the C.S.P.A. other than the usual regional one.

I should be genuinely interested in knowing of the possibilities as seen by other workers in this field.